Lula Wadsworth, in Happen-Chance.

April skies are limpid seas, deep and blue and clear, April clouds are fairy barges filed with showers. To wake the flowers. And bring the May-queen here.

April birds are couriers, riding sure and feet: April winds are but the whispers softly breathed Of garlands wreathed. I violets 'neath our feet.

HI sunbeams are the smiles dimpling nature's face.

April hopes are haleyon castles dreamers built, with fancies filled, at fall and leave no trace.

DAUGHTER OF THESPIS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

(Coppeight: 1894: By The Trabune Asserts on

CHAPTER XIV. xt morning Evelyn was disappointed at the was horrid. But what could one expect from The coltage of the Webbs-it came within the cellent, Mrs. Cohen." was norm. But went come one expect from the worlds of the market value. This reasoning shocked Evelyn; of the hills. As the day had grown warm, the just a little heart-trouble." Heart-trouble was it seemed so unlike her friend, whom she had always regarded as the personification of censibility; she wendered if it could be due to the bility; she wendered if it could be due to the Jewish influence. Mrs. Cohn declared she thought might become frightened and return it; she had hops on account of the dark wood of which it the especial abhorence of her summer life. wain it would cause her; really, Mrs. Cohn was chloral this afternoon." afraid that Evelyn was becoming too sensitive. in public life to yield to such feelings.

Evelyn, who had expected sympathy, co ure in praising Seymour's fine conduct; she even eyes about it and warned her that if she kept on that | vo way people would think she was affected. Mrs. Cohn's impatience may have been due to

Mrs. Cohn's impatience may have been due to the fact that she had some topics of her own that she wished to discuss. If the weather continued pleasant—it tooked a little like rain—she would wear her yellow and white to the Webbe."
Didn't Evelyn think that would be sutfated? If the darked, she would put on her wine-colored dress; that always looked well. And what would be surfaced in the continued pearly of the form of height would be ever so much more fetching. It wasn't a bit like the dress of an actress, and it would be surfaced hereof the broad had and take her husband's eve, too. She heped he would talk more about literature and about the drams; how delightful it had been to hear him the day before; perhaps he would tell them how he had happened to take up writing; she felt so encouraged by what he had said about the drams; how delightful it had been to hear him the day before; perhaps he would tell them how he had happened to take up writing; she felt so encouraged by what he had said about the drams; how delightful it had been to hear him the day before; perhaps he would tell them how he had happened to take up writing; she felt so encouraged by what he had said about the drams; how delightful it had been to hear him the days effort, perhaps a story in the form of betters.

The wash were entired red, and the entired red, and then the said and the drams; how and the draws how delightful it had been to hear him the many and the entired the many have been the possibility of developing talent for authorship; she intended to try and see affected, she turn the way a large semiderular recover with during the red to try and see affected in the red to a house of the world when they had gone.

The what we had been to make him the the said the many had been to the analysis of the proposed states and the said the possibility of developing talent for authorship; she intended to try and see affected her wash the said the possibility of developing talent for authorship; she intended to try and see aff she couldn't do so

ture was an enchanted ground which only the elect, the few endowed with God-given powers, might enter. The idea of a simple-minded little woman like her friend rushing in was prepostersous. But she said nothing discouraging; she littered to the rhapsodles with an indifferent air.

"If I do write and get my things published, I shall sign my own name," said Mrs. Cohn; "I shall sign my own name," said Mrs. Cohn; "I shall sign my own name," said Mrs. Cohn; "I shall sign my own name," said little be seen to the rhapsodles with an indifferent air.

"If I do write and get my things published, I shall sign my own name," said Mrs. Cohn; "I suppose he shan't sail under false colors," Then she added garly, with delicious unconsciousness of her mixture of metaphors: "Oh, you shall hear me

shine; you shall hear me shine."

Evelyn came near saying that Mrs. Cohn would have to be very wonderful to make her do that; but she checked herself in time. It cocurred to her that Oswald Webb would like to have been present when that speech was made; he might work it into a story. The thought of Oswald Webb sent her back to "The Telegraph" article. In the heat of their discussion of its effect upon Evelyn, they had forgotten to consider the effect it would have on the Webbs.

"How do you think Mr. Webb will like it?"

"What a shame! I should think his wife would make him. I'd make ny husband write ihe had the inellent. I'd lock him up. But I suppose she's too delicate."

Evelyn smiled. "Do you think an author could do anything like that under compulsion?"

"Of course he would. These geniuses have to be forced to work. I've always heard they were are in their brains walting to come out. That's what their wives are for—to make them work. I thust be grand to be the wife of a genius."

"I've read that it isn't. Think of Carlyle and his wife."

"I've read that it isn't. Think of Carlyle and his wife."

"Oh, but she was a genius, too! The wife of a genius never ought to be a genius herself. She

Evelyn asked.

wife isn't."

"I'm a woman just the same." "But it's different."

"H'm." The paper had fallen from her hands to the floor, and she looked at it thoughtfully.

she found Evelyn at table wearing the same and speedily came back with a large silver gown that she had been wearing all morning. tankard, covered with fine moisture, in his hand. Misser Coffey looked and listened; eager curiosity shone in their eyes.

luncheon. There's plenty of time." claimed: "Isn't it exciting?" She shone like a as usual. She's still suffering from the effects of sunfearm in her yellow and lace with parasel | that reckless trip. It's my fault, too; I ought to match; Evriya, in her pearl cloth gown, not to have allowed it. But she's better-ever seemed plain by comparison. There was a so much better—and she'll be delighted to see carriage at the door. "I wish it were for us," you. It was ever so good of you to come. We said Mrs. Cohn enviously. A red-haired, well- have thought-that is, I did; Mrs. Webb wouldn't dressed youth sat in the frent seat and held give up hope-that the heat might keep you at

as they started up the road. "They're friends of better. This morning she was a little downthe Coffeys. They're some rich people from Bos- she has these melancholy turns always when the ton. They live over on Green Hill. That boy weather is uncomfortable. Isn't it curious? Ab, comes nearly every day to take the girls out to there's nothing like health." He had been "The Telegraph" article on Mrs. Cohn. drive. One of his disters usually comes with him, glancing vaguely at Evelyn as he rattled of To this lady it seemed only a part of the magnin- There are five of them. They're the funniest these remarks. Then he suddenly turned to Mrs. looking things. They've all got red hair and Cohn, who was looking at him, with a half-

energy enough to breath a prayer that her collar | for you to climb the hill." might not become wilted! The house, though | "Oh, no, it isn't so had as that," laughed Mrs. was built. It was in Queen Anne style, with Within the name of Cohen was rankling, but she wid- piazzas runring all around it; the windows | felt more mortification than resentment, were protected with heavy awnings.

Ten't it lovely?" cried Mrs. Cohn. "And to

"I hope not."
"I hope not."
"She'll probably be very stupid if she lin't."
M's Cohn's exercise seemed to have the effect
of quielening her faculties for she was unusuully decided in her manner and speech.
"She must have been under the influence of
her chieral yesterday," she went on, clinging
lesperately to her skirts with her right hand and

the full.

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, don't you remember how the reporter described her eyes? Those were regular chloral eyes. Oh, I'm so fired?"

"I thought of that when you told me about them; but I dish't like to speak of it."

They were at the foot of the broad flight of steps that led to the front door. "You ring, deat," said Mrs, Cohn with a little tremble in her you

Evelyn pressed the electric bell. In a moment a white-capped servant appeared before them. When Mrs. Cohn asked for Mrs. Webb, the serv-

she should undertake a novel.

She uttered these thoughts with a naiveré that seemed pitiful to her listener. To Evelyn, literature was an enchanted ground which only the

"How do you think Mr. Webb will like it?"

velyn asked.
"I should think it would make him wild."

"Yet you think I ought not to mind at all."
"But you're a public character, my dear. His life isn't."

"Oh, but she was a genius, too. I he wild she was a genius herself. She ought to be a genius herself. She ought to be very practical."

"I once knew a lady whose husband was a genius, or rather she thought he was. She used to tell me it depressed her awfully at times."

"Depressed her! How ridiculous! Why did it depress her?"

Because she couldn't do anything herself. She

Because she couldn't do anything herself. She was always wanting to, but she had no talent. She said his genius made her seem mean and

'How selfish she must have been!"

the article; it had probably been read by the other boarders, too. She saw the ladies at the lable casting covert glances at her; of course they knew of Seymour's call the night before, and they were eager for an explanation. Mrs. Appleby would soon be down upon her to know if the engagement were "on" again. She decided to say simply that it was not and, for the rest, to assumed a dignified reticence and let the boarders surmise whatever they pleased.

Mrs. Cohn had dressed for the call, and was in a little flutter of excitement. "Not ready to go?"

he shook hands with his callers he said it was the liding to such a lot day. And had the girl given them a glass of her; they was so confusion. Sometimes it confused her utterly, and she was sure it confused her utterly. And she was sure it confused her utterly. And she was sure it confused her utterly, and she was sure it confused her utterly. And she was it confused her utterly. And she was sure it confused her utterly. And she was su

she said with a look of disappointment, when ment by talking. He hurried out into the hall

"Ah, we haven't any glasses," he cried. "But we'll get some," He placed the tankard on the "No," she said. "I thought Fd dress after table and rang for the servant.

"Mrs. Webb will be down presently. When they were ready to start Mrs. Cohn ex- on rapidly. "No, she hasn't been quite so well pitying expression: "I hope your health is ex-

there were no treez around it, looked cool, per- Cohn, fibbling in her nervousness, for hills were

think that poor woman can't enjoy it." table, Maggle, here, right here. Thanks. Have "Oh, she probably does enjoy it," Evelyn re- you noticed the view? But you'll have some of course, Mr. Seymour knew the value of advertising, but he wished to save her the "I wonder if she'll be under the influence of to give you some. And she didn't give you any

While they were lingering over the latency they heard a rustle on the stairs, and in a magnetic they heard a rustle on the stairs, and in a magnetic through the seemed to relieve him, for his face brightened up wonderfully. Mrs. Webb greeted them cordially. She didn't even stop to be introduced.

"You're the dear creature who was so good to me yesterday," she cried, taking both Evelyn's hands. "You must let me kiss you." Her eyes shone and there was a faint tince of color in her haggard checks. "I am so grateful, I can't tell you how grateful." Teen she triened to Mrs. Cohn, and said, ofering her hand: "And I'm very glad to see you, too. I know all about you. Mr. Webb has told me. You are Mrs. Cohn. You quite charned him yesterday. I'm jealeus of you already." She spared Mrs. Cohn one of her kisses; Evelyn afterward revealed to her friend how horrible they were.

"We're looking at your pictures, dear," said Webb.

"These horrid things! You musn't any more. They're not worth looking at." But she said this with a smile that revealed to both Mrs. Cohn and Evelyn that she took an invalid's pride in her worth.

"Hum," The paper had fallen from her hands to the floor, and she looked at it thoughtfully." It wonder who could have written it," he say a way.

"Some reporter, of course; some woman, perhaps. It bears he marks of a woman at how, he was all we seen the article, and thought he would have described your many and how, he was all we seen the article, and they would be furtous; they might blame her it we had seen the article, and they would be furtous; they might blame her it is some way; at such times the limited with the action, which is a state of the seen the article, and they would be furtous; they better not call the seen the article, and they would be furtous; they better not call the seen the article, and they would be furtous; they better not call the seen the article, and they would be furtous; they better not call the seen the seen that they would not hear of a postponement, she had set her heart on the set of the seed to be the seen that the seed them the seen that the seed them the seen the article, and the seed the seed to be the seed that the seed the seed that the seed the seed to be the seed that the seed that the seed the seed that the seed to be the seed that in her work.

They presently went back to the library. Mrs. Webb showed an even greater desire to talk than her husband had dens. After she came down be had lapsed into comparative silence. She had a high masal voice that rang through the room, and

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC NUMBER

INVESTMENT OF A QUARTER

OF A DOLLAR

TO TEST NO. 10.

IS NOT SATISFACTORY

"It is a pre y high hill. But it is very nice when you goe, here, right here. Thanks, Have you make the whore you goe, here, right here. Thanks, Have you make the whore you goe, here, right here. Thanks, Have you make the whore you goe, here, right here. Thanks, Have you make the whore you goe, here, right here. Thanks, Have you make the whore you goe here. The you can for here you goe for the fast, he was because she didn't have a give you some of the whore you goe here. The young the fast, he was because she didn't have a give you some of the keep it houses shut up most of the day. But was a lat of galmeter fast it and didn't even was strained to was because she didn't have a give you some of the sale here. We keep it houses shut up most of the day. But was a lat of galmeter fast it and didn't even was strained to wa

with there little eyes of hers and when she goes home she'll left it all to her husband. They're always their lusband's slaves these women are. I hate repeating women. The world is full of them. If they'd step their repeating with their husbands, 'twouldn't be so bad. But they repeat to other people too—to other repeaters, other women.

women. "I think you're mistaken," said Evelyn guiltily, for she suspected it was true.
"She's just as sly!" cried Mrs. Webb. "I can

wasn't in this morning's issue. If it was I missed it."

Evelyn, disturbed by the excitement she had raised, explained that it had appeared in a late edition of the night before.

"Perhaps the purser told," said Webb. "That's it, of course. He told when he went back to Boston and some reporter got held of it. Or, perhaps"—a startled look appeared in his eyes—"perhaps there was a reporter or bound."

Mrs. Coin and Evelyn exchanged glances, They were evidently thinking the same thoughts. Mrs. Cohn had taken a seat and Oswald Webb was standing by his wife's chair. For a moment no one spoke. Then Mrs. Webb said:

"Were—were we mentioned."

"Were—were we mentioned?"
"She looked at Evelyn, and then, as Evelyn had turned away, at Mrs. Cohn. Mrs. Cohn bowed Webb had become pale.
"This is the second time," be said to his wife. This is the second time, he said to his wife. Her eyes had grown brighter and she seemed excited. Have you got the paper?" she asked, turning

"Can we see it? Couldn't we send for it?"
"But, my dear," said Webb. "There's no hurry.

"Can we see it? Couldn't we send for it?"

"But, my dear," said Webb. "There's no hurry.

I'll send up for a copy to-night."

"I want one now," she cried.

But we can't send Miss Johnson for it," said webb, trying to laugh.

"Where is it, Miss Johnson?" asked Mrs. Webb almost in a tope of command.

"I left it on the floor of my room," Evelyn replied. "I'm afraid it's soiled."

"Never mind that," said the invalid. "Couldn't we send the man for it? Mrs. Appleoy could get it for him, couldn't she?"

"I suppose 30," said Evelyn, helplessly, observing the look of nervousness on Webb's face and the consternation in Mrs. Cohn's eyes.

"But, my dear"— Webb began gently.

"Bon't interfere, Oswald," she cried. Then she said more quietly: "Please ring the bell." Webb did as he was bidden, like an obedient child. When the girl came into the room Mrs. Webb told her to send John to her. She commanded the situation. The others seemed fascinated, helpless in her presence.

"I think I know who did it," said Mrs. Webb after a pause.

"Who?" asked her husband.

after a pause.
"Who?" asked her husband. "Who?" asked her nusband.
"That dreadful Finley woman—the one that wrote the article about you two years ago, Don't you remember? She said you were jealous of her because you complained of it. I saw

some one on the boat yesterday that looked like her—a woman in a blue sallor gown with a red parasol. That's what she wore all last year."
Webb explained that the person referred to was Miss Isabel Finley, one of the reporters and the society editor of "The Telegraph." She spent the summer at the Bellingham, at Nantasket Beach; he didn't mention the fact that she got her board there free, for he didn't know it. She was continually writing about him. Two summers before she had written an article of two columns, describing the most minute details of his life at Cohassett, gleaned from people who knew him, and from observations made when once she had dired at his house. Mrs. Webb had some one on the boat yesterday that looked like him, and from observations made when once she had dined at his house. Mrs. Webb had never permitted her to enter the house again.
"She's a dreadful creature, dreadful!" cried Mrs. Webb, when her husband had finished.
"Such brass!" with her on The Telegraph."

"Such brass."

"They put up with her on 'The Telegraph,'"
said Webb, 'because her work is so popular.
She stops at nothing, and she writes in a sensational style that most readers like. It's horrible—the tendency of journalism at the present time. 'The Telegraph' used to be decent; but it's getting worse and worse."
"I want Mr. Webb to give it up and sell out his interest in 'The Argus'—stop writing for it altogether," exclaimed Mrs. Webb. "But he won't."

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Reduction

of 25 per cent.

altogether," exclaimed Mrs. Webb. "But he won't."

"It's the only connection with literature that I have left," he said, with a half-sad, half-whimsleal smile. "I must eling to the skirts of literature somehow to keep my self-respect. But I must say they're preity bedraggled."

There was a heavy tread in the hall and John lumbered into the room. He was a stout, slouchy man of fifty, with short, black hair, a low forehead, and with a coarse, unshaven face. Mrs. Webb instructed him to go to Appleby Terrace and ask Mrs. Appleby to get for him the copy of The Telegraph' from Miss Johnson's room. Webb fairly blushed for shame at her presumption, but he evidently thought it best to say nothing. At this point, however, Evelyn made an effort to assert horself.

At this point, however, Evelyn made an effort to assert herself.
"Don't you think we'd better go with him." she asked, "and send the paper back? We've made a long call already."

she asked, "and send the paper back? We've made a long call already."

Mrs. Cohn started to acquiesce, but Mrs. Webb interrupted her: "No, no, no, you shan't go. I haven't seen half enough of you yet. I don't often enjoy the luxury of callers, and now that I've got you I'm going to keep you. Besides, I want to talk over the article with you."

John's absence seemed interminable. The consciousness that they were waiting for his return made the conversation forced, and every now and then it flagged so that Webb had to exert himself to revive it. He addressed most of his remarks to his wife, apparently with a desire to keep her interested. Indeed, her spirits seemed to drawp and occasionally she looked as if she was about the fall askeep. At these times he would ask her a question that obliged her to talk. It was a curious scene; Mrs. Cohn watched it with an eye to pletorial effect, Evelyn with pitying wonder. They both hoped that John would come soon, and yet they draided seeing him appear.

When, at last, his heavy step was heard on the gravel path, Webb met him at the door and took the paper from his hand.

"Let me see it, Oswald," his wife cried im-

gravel path, Webb met him at the door and took the paper from his hand.

"Let me see it, Oswald," his wife cried impatiently.

He looked over several sheets before he could find the article. When he reached the soiled page he smiled. But the smile soon faded from his face, and he turned pale. They sat in silence while he stood and read. When he had finished, he crumpled the paper in his hands, just as Evalue had done and he oried in a low value.

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thease ring the bell twice, 'he said quietly, still bending over his wife, who was trying to shake off his grasp and making low means. The noiseless attendant, who proved to be an enormous, masculine-looking woman of fifty, appeared at the door. Together they carried Mrs. Webb out of the room.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE DOMESTICS.

Kate Floid's Washington. the Ley is Mrs. Blank's memorf-all-work. After eacing him and keeping him waiting her continue for two days, he climbed the steep hills of town in Washington and made his way to the man's residence expecting to enter upon his less. "Loy, I've seen a boy that I think will time better," was the lady's greeting to the then Chines, "but as I have kept you waiting o days, and as you have climbed the hill, here a dollar."

utly refused to take the money. He had no situation on Mrs. Blank's account. It s sames," and he did not object to a walk. Blank's account. It i not object to a walk

"Not in the least, Freelyh and beroship rational and sersible. She only has a very sensitive conscience,"

"Just an affectation."

"Just an affectation."

"Gon't think so."

"Mad do you suppose she's doing in there with my husband."

"I don't know-looking at some books. I suppose. She's very fond of books." Evelyn was beginning in feel queet.

"As if there weren't books enough here. Why couldn't she look at these."

"She sat back in her chair and half-closed here. Evelyn wished that Mrs. Cohn would came back so fast they might go home. Presently the invalid opened her eyes and sat up again.

"I like you." She said.

Evelyn looked confused.

"Thank you." said Evelyn.

"I thought at first it was all a put-up job, but now I'm convinced it wasn't."

"Thank you." said Evelyn.

"I thought at first it was all a put-up job, but now I'm convinced it wasn't.

"What do you meun?" Evelyn feared Mrs. Webb was goding to have one of her attacks again.

"Why about the pocketbook."

"The article in The Telegraph, 'too.

"Was there an article about your losing your pocketbook in it?"

"Mrs. Webb varised her voice: "Oswald. Oswald." she cried, "come in here. Come in quick."

"Was there an article about your losing your pocketbook in it?"

"Mrs. Web b raised her voice: "Oswald. Oswald." she cried, "come in here. Come in quick."

"Why, no, We take "The Telegraph,' too.

"Was there an article about your losing your pocketbook in it?"

"The article in The Telegraph."

"The article in The School of the night before. The losing it?

"Mrs. Webb varised to the was an article in The Telegraph about Miss Johnson's pocketbook."

"Mrs. Webb varised to an Alms. Cohn followed. Hoth losing it."

"Mrs. Webb varised to the was an article in The Telegraph about Miss Johnson's pocketbook."

"Mrs. Webb varised her voice: "Oswald. Oswald." she cried in the said that his good in the night before. "No, I didn't. Wen was it published? to was the reservants

oy disappeared and soon returned with the ad-ea of his cousin. Only this and nothing more. But, Loy, what security have you for your nex?"

"But, Loy, what security have you for your money?"

"He psy when I want, sure."

Loy was twenty-eight. "I go China by an' by and cet wife. My mother get me wife. Girl she know long time. All light."

The cry in Seattle was that the Chinese were taking the bread out of the poor white men's mouths, whereupon many beathen that had leased land and gone extensively into market gardening quietly departed, eaving their occupation to the much-injured Cancasian. Refere the hegira Seattle was provided with excellent fresh vegetables, the Chinamen bringing their products to the houses in carts or on lonkeys. After that Seattle was obliged to content itself with vegetables four and six days old frem California. No white men took up the work abhicated by the heathen.

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buxury in his old home in Leipsic. He never expects to return.

MEN'S FASHIONS.

Time was when one or two of the leading hatters What did see do that for."

Wher husband is a Jew, that is, he's a half-Jew, this mother was a Christian. She tells overybody sie meets that he's a Hebrew, because she doesn't want to make friends under false pretences. She's morbid on the subject.

"Hen, I thought there was something queer about her. I she cracked?"

"Not in the least." Evelyn laughed. "She's a very sensitive conscience."

"Just an affectation."

"Just an affectation."

"Just an affectation."

"Mer husband is a Jew, that is, he's a half-Jew. Hank then plant welcomed Loy, who has for one year proved a failing and sweeping of a good-sized house for receiving his first mapping and sweeping of a good-sized house for receiving his first maph's wages Loy was him, cleaning and sweeping of a good-sized house for receiving his first maph's wages Loy worn by those who are fond of induging in ultration."

"Just an affectation."

"Just an affectation."

"Just an affectation."

"What do you suppose she's doing in there with my husband?" season, and it is not called for as much as for-merly, our own shapes being the better. The silk hat is a metropolitan article of dress. New-York sets the style for the whole country. It must be kept in good order, and it should be pressed often. The ironing does not injure it any, it rather im-

> ironing takes out the dust and prevents the plush from becoming dingy. The variety in derby hats is extensive and the shapes are very becoming. The popular dimensions are for a medium size, crown 5½ deep, by brim 154 wide. The crown tapers decidelly from the start, and the brim has much curl and curve. This hat comes in four shades of brown-saffron cuba, golden and seal. The cuba is liked the best and saffron and golden come next. An English derby is rapidly becoming popular. The crown is straight until near the top, then tapers. The bring is quite flat, having a medium curve and curl. The shade is maple brown, and is of a quiet nature. The black Derby is worn as much as ever, although

proves it, as the brushing of the nap previous to

with the appearance of so many quiet, conservative browns, many men are likely to try a change The "Edelweis" tourist hat is a novelty this sees on. The crown is quite high and tapers like all tourist hats. The top is intended to be crushed in The brim is wide. In color it is a soft pearl; it has a wide, silver-gray, heavy corded silk band, with binding of the same material. Almost the identical hat, with black band and binding, is also a novelty. The material of the tourist hats is nutria fur, and there is quite a long, fuzzy nap.

black half-hose has come. This season opens with the exhibition of hose in various shades, such as navy, royal, slate, steel, maple, brown wood and tan. They are baibriggans and have a "self" six mavy, royal, slate, steel, maple, brown wood and tan. They are balbriggans and have a "self" six clock on the side. The same quality and shades are made having silk stripes of solid hairlines of white, sky blue, cardinal and gold. Plain black, indige and seal brown are made with elaborate colored cluster-clocking on the side. The clocking is formed by many very fine embroidered spots forming lines very close together. The colors are liliae, sky blue, cardinal and gold. The quality is 40-gage balbriggan, and they are beautifully finished, being make on a hand loom. Black span silk hose are in keeping with evening dress suits. There is, of course, a lustre in silk footgear which no other texture can have, and they laundry well.

A 69, "derby rib" cottom half-hose is an article which it is an art to make in the 40-gage quality. It is exceedingly elastic, its the foot perfectly has a long rib top which does not lose its flexibility, and wears remarkably well for so thin a taxtura. The shades are silver gray, light tan, fawn and mauve, and they have no clocking. The very hearf all-wool derby-ribbed shooting stockings are a valuable adjunct to a gentleman's outdoor wall-specially for hunting and duck-shooting, see a langlish or Scotch manufacture, and they come is very large varlety of mixtures, the prevailing toes being dark. They are made in long and half bose. The "digitated half-hose" are made like glore, the toes being separated. They fit to a nicety, each toe being separated. They fit to a nicety, each toe being sashioned and having therefore, is seams. The texture must be very light and intext, each toe being rashioned and having therefore, is seams. The texture must be very light and intext, each toe being rashioned and having therefore, is seams. The texture must be very light and intext, each toe being rashioned and having therefore, is seams. The texture must be very light and intext, each toe being rashioned and having therefore, is seams. The texture must be very light and intext.

From The San Francisco Examiner.

Herman Gralchen, the oldest heliboy in the United States, who has been for more than twenty years connected with the Grand, and who is known by countless thousands of people up and down the coast, has resigned his position, and will to-night leave for his old home in Germany.

Herman dradchen, the oldest beliboy in the United States, who has been for more than twenty years coinected with the Grand, and who is known by countless thousands of people up and down the coast, has resigned his position, and will to-night leave for his old home in Germany.

Herman has not been there for over forty years, and for twenty-five years he has not heard a word from any of his people. How many are living and how many are dead the retired beliboy, now over lifty years old, does not know.

The reason of Herman's going home is that he has acquired a substantial competency and can afform new to cease from labor and enjoy himself. His fortune is something over \$10,000, and this he has had for some time well invested in stocks and bonds.

For years Herman took a shy at the stock market. When Ralston and Sharon were operating in the Comstock stocks, the beliboy, who was regularly receiving points from his friends, guests at the Occidental, where he then was, was putting his money in also. His fortunes went up and down. Once or twice he considered himself rich—and he would have been had he drawn out. The last turn he took at stocks was during the flurry in 1886, when he walked into the Grand one night, having mad \$15,000. But his luck turned again and left him with but a few hundreds.

Then he eschewed speculating of all kinds forever, and settled down to saving and investing his money on strictly business principles. The result is the snug sum which he now has, and which he says is enough to keep him in a condition bordering on

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